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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

Money sent us otherwise than by registered letter, estal money order, express order, or draft on Nex Agents.-THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has many teer canvassers, and they are generally honest

and faithful; but persons who confide their subscrip tions to them must be their own judges of their responsibility. The paper will be sent only on the receipt of the subscription price. Addresses, Renewals, etc.—Addresses will be

changed as often as desired, but each subscriber should in every case give the old as well as the new

Correspondence.—Correspondence is solicited from every section in regard to Grand Army, Sons of Veterans, Pension, and Military matters, and letters Write on ONE SIDE of the paper only. We do no return communications or manuscripts unless they are accompanied by a request to that effect and the necessary postage, and under no circumstances gua antee their publication at any special data. Address all communications !

THE NATIONAL TPUBUNE, Washington, D. C.

ENTERED AT WASHINGTON FORTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER JOHN MCELROY, ROBERT W. SHOPPELL, BYRON ANDREWS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 11, 1901, Office: 339 Pennsylvania Avenue N. W.

HEADQUARTERS FOR THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,

We have secured room 135, Hollenden Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio, for the headquarters of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE during the National Encampment. This is directly across the hall from the National Headquarters of the G. A. R., W. R. C., and Ladies of the G. A. R., and all comrades are invited to make use of it. They can make appointments to meet their friends there, direct their mail to be sent there, and otherwise make it their convenience. We shall be glad to meet there all the readers of the paper.

THE STORY OF A THOUSAND IRISHMEN.

We shall begin the publication next week of surpassing interest. It is the story of dred Fighting Regiments," told by one wrong. of its Captains, as jolly an Irishman as ever cracked a joke or faced an enemy.

In the narrative we shall follow them from home to Washington and on to the South to their baptism of fire and blood tinctly offensive, and that his retention in at Gaines's Mill, Malvern Hill, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and other fields this the whole body of veterans and their where the gallant Fifth Corps made its friends cordially concur, without a disname immortal in the annals of the Union. The regiment was officially known as the 9th Mass., and called in the Army of the Potomac "The Irish Ninth."

Its history sheds luster on its race and the gallant army of which it formed a

\$5,000,000 "SAVED,"

Commissioner Evans gives out that he ury about \$5,000,000 of last year's approwith the press he says:

"I had no knowledge until a very short as they can, and no one ever asks whether there is enough money in the appropriation bill to cover all the pensions issued, or whether there will be a surplus. When appeared before the Appropriations ommittee and asked for \$140,000,000, Chairman Cannon asked me if I thought not know, and that I regarded the pension appropriation bill merely a letter of credit. If the pensions issued by my Department during the year exceeded the sum given me by Congress, the deficiency would have to be made good next year. If did not use up the entire appropriation, I would turn it back into the Treasury, The amount of money at my disposal cut no figure in the work of my Bureau, and every man who was entitled to a pension during the past year has received it. It seems that I have five millions left this

pects the public to believe such stuff as July, inclusive, to make.

He knew precisely as well how much Treasury when he asked for the appro- signature, which will be sealed up in an enpriation last year as he does today. He velope, without any distinguishing mark, knew that he was going to follow the and beginning July 29 these envelopes will practice he has followed ever since he be drawn out by an impartial and fair came into office: of keeping careful tab committee, and each card given a numon the graveyards, and allowing no man ber in the order in which it comes out. or woman on the roll until some one had This order determines that of choice in died and made a place for him or her. the lands. The lucky ones will have their This is known to every clerk in the Pen-selections confirmed at the rate of 125 a sion Bureau, every man who does business day, beginning with No. 1 at 9 a. m., with the Bureau, every one who has the Tuesday, Aug. 6. slightest knowledge of its operations, Every week's total of allowances is compared with the death-report, and the word but the agent can appear for but one appassed around to increase or decrease. A plicant. month ago the total of original allowances for the year had reached about 35,000, number of disappointments, this method which was less than the sum total of the of procedure will greatly reduce the numdeaths up to that time, and the word was ber, and will prevent the riot, swindling passed to be more liberal. The result was and litigation that have characterized prethat the original allowances suddenly vious openings. jumped up from an average of 914 for the weeks of May to the following for June: Week ended June 1...... 777

********* Week ended June 29.......... 1,594

could do in the way of allowances when it wanted to. Such real work as that of served his country for an average of two in front. Then somebody will have to went to the sacks, filed his cap full of the work as that of served his country for an average of two in front. Then somebody will have to went to the sacks, filed his cap full of the docket of the long-held-up claims. It is no trouble whatever for the Bureau to find 1,594 completed claims to allow in a week, out of the accumulated mass of American goods in Germany, we managed years, whenever it is inclined to. It could to increase our exports to that country

That "every man has been allowed his near the \$100,000,000 mark. pension who was entitled to it," is a brazen statement, contradicted by indisputable evidence from every community in the country.

A particularly irritating part of all this is that when Mr. Evans asked for his appropriation all the soldier-hating papers jumped on the "immensity of the pension expenditures," and the veterans suffered in consequence. This was his first object. Then he could turn around at the end of the year and sing psalms through the papers as to how his utterly unheardof honesty and shrewdness had saved \$5,-000,000 of this to the Treasury.

This is the way the veteraus are mocked and traduced in their later days, that one man may blow his own born, and make himself great in the eyes of the people. Tribune.

THE SICKLES-EVANS CONTROVERSY. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles is entitled to nd is receiving the warmest thanks from the veterans all over the country for the splendid, manful fight that he has made in regard to Commissioner Evans.

In spite of all that the soldier-hating papers, and those which are over-quick to rush in the direction that official favor shall point, may say, the controversy has been of great benefit to the cause of the veterans.

Even Evans can no longer pretend that the opposition to him is confined to the "pension sharks." The President and the public now see beyond a doubt that every veteran, and every friend of the veterans throughout the country is profoundly dissatisfied with Mr. Evans, and desires his removal. They have never been so unanimous and so outspoken on any one thing before.

This was so manifestly the case that last Fall the Republican National Committee, speaking for the President, de-finitely promised that Mr. Evans should fications, heavy guns, and flooded ricenot be re-appointed. It matters little in fields, which they could not pass.

More apprehension was felt on account just what terms that this promise was made. It is entirely sufficient that the Natinctly offensive to the great body of vet- turn of Chattanooga conditions. erans and their friends. Since then the for them, Si and his squad retained their feeling has increased, rather than de-creased, as is conclusively shown by the by such great Departments as those of New York, Pennsylvania, Missouri and others, each representing tens of thousands of veterans, widows and relatives.

If it serves no other good purpose this agitation will serve to arouse the public said Si, studying the landscape. "Seems to be all medder, with banks of earth for mind to inquiry as to whether all this stuff with which Evans has been filling the where such large bodies of respectable citizens, who have heretofore been in the the stacks. such stinging denunciation.

In the face of this Mr. Evans can hardprecedented honesty, and the vicious motives of everybody who criticises him. son, in spite of Mr. Evan's clamor, that of a narrative of three years' service with least, the men of the Grand Army are of the Potomac that will prove the Army of the Potomac that will prove the Army of the Potomac that will prove quite as high standing in their several communities as Mr. Evans is in his, and the every day life in camp, march and battle of one of the gallant "Three Hun-

The matter therefore settles right down to this: Gen. Sickles has voiced the senti- banks. ment of the entire Grand Army of the Republic that Commissioner Evans is dishis present place is repugnant to them. In

be retained in the face of this unanimous the slope, and gained the cover of the near-expression.

The Grand Army of the Republic has has done everything possible for years to long shot at him. will be able to turn back into the Treas- of conditions as would render such outspokenness unnecessary. The fight was not of its seeking, but forced upon it, and consequently it will have to do, as it always has done, make the best fight it aim, and sending his return above the bank, and the possibilities of allignators. A rebel noticed him and hastily fired, cutting the ground under his heel, at which printions for pensions. In an interview not of its seeking, but forced upon it, and fired. ways has done, make the best fight it aim,

The i resident's proclamation, embodying the plan finally decided upon by the Interior Department for opening the that sum would suffice. I told him I did | Kiowa-Comanche-Apache lands to settlement, embodies several of the amendments suggested to the original plan, and promises to work at least far more satisfactorily than any previous opening.

Only those who can hope to satisfy the officers that they are bona fide homesteaders need take the trouble to go to the Land Office for registration. They will be put through a careful examination by the officers, and such as can show themselves qualified will be given certi-Next year I may be five millions ficates allowing them to go upon the lands for a preliminary examination, which they And he actually pretends that he ex- will have from the 10th to the 26th of

When the applicant passes the registration a card will be made out, commoney he was going to return to the pletely identifying him, and bearing his

Honorably-discharged soldiers and sailors only can make application by an agent,

While there will be necessarily a great

GEN. JO WHEELER is now being feted by the aristocrats at Newport, R. J. It service in the Spanish War, Gen. Wheeler is now receiving the pension of a Briga-This showed what the Pension Bureau year. Yet how these exclusives foam at dier-General on the retired list-\$4,125 a keep his poor old soul and body together.

In spite of the vicious libeling of allow double that number quite as readily. \$1,000,000 last year, and they are now

> PICKETT OR PETTIGREW?-THE NORTH CAROLINA VIEW OF THE FAMOUS CHARGE

The North Carolina troops at Gettysburg have always felt particularly sore over Pickett and his Virginians monopolizing all the credit for the famous charge. They insist that it was mostly a North Carolina affair, and not an exclusively Virginia matter, as the Virginians would make out. A pamphlet setting forth the North Carolina views has been written by Capt W. R. Bond, of Scotland Neck, N. C., and an officer on the staff of Gen. Pettigrew. This has had a wide circulation in the South. By the author's perwe shall publish some extracts from it in an early issue of The National



On the March to the Sea

Coyrighted, 1899, by the publishers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE

Rations Get Down to the Low Diet Point. Successful Skirmish for a Rice Plantation. Difficulties of a New Kind of Food.

There was no longer any doubt as to ers, picked up from McLaws's command, told of a great force being collected

of food, which was running lower every day, and there was absolutely nothing in tional Committee was satisfied that Mr. the country. Rations were being cut down the country and his administration was dis-

severe resolutions unanimously adopted be trying to escape from Savannah.
by such great Departments as those of One day, when both men and horses were feeling the grip of hunger sorely, they came out of the open pines, upon culti-vated fields, lying near the Savannah River.

fences, and ditches running between. Raises lots of hay, though, from them papers for years is true, and whether there stacks standing around the house."

His further reflections were cut short by a series of shots coming from behind

"A handful o' rebel cavalry over there, foremost ranks of loyalty, unite solidly in after forage," he remarked, dismounting, and getting behind a tree, which example was followed by the rest. "Guess we need ly maintain his prate about his own un- that hay for ourselves, and had better drive 'em away. Queer looking hay, though. Yaller as straw. Must be straw -it's bound up in sheaves. But they ain't The people of the country know too well raising no wheat nor oats down this way. the men who compose the G. A. R. to be-lieve this for an instant. They will rearice growed before. Thought probably it growed like seeds in a gourd. Anyway, "Injianny, repli where men of such undoubted sincerity there's something over there that them and conviction speak so, there must be fellers want, and if they want it, we need something radically wrong. To say the it, and we must drive 'em away. Take medders and get over there to the h

Before them lay a number of rice fields, feet high, and ditches. The level surface was covered with a high, yellow stubble, and fringes of brush grew along the

One hundred yards from the house, and running from the Savannah River, ran a larger ditch, about six or seven feet wide, and having Osage orange trees growing at intervals along its banks. Putting himself in the center, Shorty

on the extreme right, and Harry Joslyn on

from behind of one of the stacks, took a has done everything possible for years to avert it. By every means in its power it breath and his steadiness of hand, and has sought to obtain such an amelioration watched the rebel reload his gun, cap it, then sheltering himself behind the

and sending his return shot wild. time ago that there would be a surplus in my Bureau adjudicate the cases as promptly

can. It has absolutely nothing to blame itself for.

It has absolutely nothing to blame to carry to the left again," he commented, as he turned over to load. "Needs clean-"What's the matter? Old gun's getting ing. Must 've got a rust-spot inside."
From the popping to the right and left, could see that the others were getting

into position and to work. Feeling secure behind the network of rice-fields and ditches, the rebels were disposed to be quite saucy, and show them-selves recklessly. They indulged in a great many bantering gestures and rough

"You're at the end o' your Yanks," they shouted. "Yo'uns can't git no furder. We'uns 's a-gwine to bury all yo'uns in these hyah swamps "Look out. Yanks: the alligators's arte

They'll done cotch yo'uns sure.' "Alligators like Yankee meat even bet ter'n they do nigger meat or dog-meat. We'uns 's a-gwine to fatten 'em on

Look out, thar, Yank; thar's a great big 'gater arter you now.' 'Yo'uns ain't a-foutin' no Jawgy goober grabbers now. Yo'uns 've run up agin South Caroliny gentlemen, an' we'uns 'll make yo'uns wish yo'uns 'd never bir

"Come out from behine them mud-hanks an' show yo'selves, like we'uns do. Don't speak thar like the pole-cuts yo'ons is, but

stand up an' be men.' "Is ole Kilpatrick over thar? I want to git a pop at him. He's my meat, whenever I lay eyes on him.'

"We'uns 've got a thousand Yanks buried over hyah now, an' we'uns 's agwine to put yo'uns with 'em."

The man in front of Si was particularly and ingeniously insulting

one of his antics, holding his gun enough its only effect was to make the rebel put his thumb to his nose, and take a derisive 'sight" at Si. But he fired back, and Si took advantage

of his re-loading to jump the ditch in front, and rush through the stubble to the next bank. The rebel fired again as dropped his gun, flopped his arms like a rooster, and crowed. Hoping to catch him in this SI fired without properly aim-ing, and only stimulated the rebel's chanticleering.

From the rebels' jibes at their shooting the obscene taunts, Si knew that the rest were doing no better marksmanship, and he became a little hot and anxious. whistled, and everybody's attention

was drawn to him. "Pass the word along," he said, loud enough for those next years, being entitled to \$1.50 a week to fish, cut bait, or go ashore, in short meter. Keep his poor old soul and body together. There sin't any more of them than there is of us, so there's no fear o' them rush

Following Si's motions, they all fired almost simultaneously, and the instant the rebels returned the volley they sprang up and ran for the big bank, reached before their enemies finished relonding.

Secesh offal that we're going to fatten the be on top of you the next minute. Git! I devil was in it, sure."

"My sakes, how owdashiously that than Yankee talks, Sarjint," they overheard one of the rebels call out. "Jes' like sacks, and while one of them wielded Yankee talks, Sarjint," they one of the rebeis call out.

snasy."
"Shet up, Niggerpens," said the Sergeant, who had been doing the crowing. was pounded out, up into the air, to blow "Keep behind the stack and 'tend to your shootin'. They'uns kin never git across some, dirty work. The sharp awns of

lar shelters.
Lying there, fully protected, Si thrust a little strip of woolen rag through the holes in the head of his ramroad, and deliberately cleaned the inside of his gunbarrel, while the South Carolinians were scraping through the holes haven't sense enough to get up even a fanning-mill."

They managed to fan out most of the remaining dirt with their caps and bits of the top of the bank with bullets in their

"Say, South Carolina," he called out, when he had finished and loaded his gun, "you fellers are only tolerable shots. You wouldn't get more'n the hide and taller more in an Injianny shooting match. We're Injiannians, and we're after your meat. We'll get it if you stay there five minutes longer. We've been hunting for South Carolinians ever since the beginthe objective of the army, for it was approaching the principal city in Georgia—ing it. You're the first we've come across, the scaport of Savannah. Gecasional and we're going to salivate you for keeps." "Lordy, that thar Yank talks nigh as bad as t'other one," exclaimed Nigger-peas's voice. "That that hull crowd must be rantankerous, Mebbe we'uns better be rantankerous. Mebbe we'uns better had shab outen hyah, afore hit's too late."

"Shet up that yamp o' your'n, Niggar-peas, I done tell you," said the Sergeant savagely. "We'uns ain't a-skeered o' no Yankees that ever wore blue britches, an' stole niggers," he shouted back at Si "We'uns 'll feed every one o' yo'uns to the cattish in that ditch, afore the sur down. Hyah goes fer yer own

He fired, and cut the bark on the treclose to Si's head that he felt the chips strike him on the forehead.
"Pretty good shot, reb," Si shouted back, "but here's a better." He fired at the only part of the rebel exposed—his arm, while he was reloading—and tore

Jeering and taunting now stopped. Each side was too seriously intent upon killing to waste words. They were so close to-gether, and all such good marksmen, that

the exposure of so much as a cap-rim of a part of the sleeve was sure to get a bullet through it. Both sides were as desperately savage as hungry panthers, and as feline in their careful esouching. The South Carolinians were clearly as veteran on the firing line as the Indianians, and took their cover as skillfully Neither side had so far been able to score a disabling hit. After a sharp interchange of shots for

a few minutes both stopped, apparently or a brief breathing spell.
"Say," called out the rebel Sergeant from behind the stack, "whar'd yo'uns say

"Injianny," replied Si, wiping his gun out carefully, "Injianny? Whar's that?" "That's a State out West, you ignorant

saphead.' "Never heared tell on hit afore. But yo'uns ain't at all like them Yankees we'uns 've bin foutin' in the Army o' the Potomac. They'uns 'd come right out, in hull droves, fer we'uns to shoot at. Why don't yo'uns do that-a-way?"

"None o' your condemned business," an-vered Si. "We ain't fighting that way. swered Si. When we fight rattlesnakes we fight the best way to kill 'em. Same with pizen South Carolinians."

While the rebel's attention was attracted by the conversation, Shorty put into execution a plan he had been considering for some minutes. In the middle of the field in front of him lay a large scow which had been used for carrying the public to decide whether this man shall be retained in the face of this unanimous expression. In the face of this unanimous and gained the cover of the cover would have good cover, and at the same time be able to send in his bullets behind the stacks, with an enfillade fire.

He sprang up, and with a leap of his long legs cleared the wide ditch in front and gained the cover of the scow. Tom Radbone jumped up to follow his example, Tom jumped with such alarm that he cleared the ditch and joined Shorty. As soon as the two got their nerves calmed down to shooting key, they put in some bullets with such effect as to demoralize the rebels, who became excited, and started to run for their horses. This gave Si an opportunity to shoot the Sergeant through the shoulder, and Uncle Ephraim o put a bullet in a South Carolina leg. Wounded and all gained their horses and dashed away, before the boys could get across the ditch and reach the house.

They left a two-horse wagon they were loading with "paddy," or "rough rice." As soon as the excitement of the fight was over the boys all became as hungry as bears, and there was a rabid search or something to cat. They brought their horses up to the house, but the yellow rice straw seemed as uninviting as the stacks left by the thrushers at home, and stacks left by the thrashers at home and there was nothing else. Even the place of weeds and grass about a Northern house was taken by stalks of "volunteer" rice. When, however, they took the bridles off, they were astonished to see the horses eagerly attack the straw.

"Looks a good deal like oats, and yet it ain't oats," said Si, investigating the con-cents of the sacks. "Tain't wheat, ents of the sacks. either, nor rye, nor barley. Looks more like oats, though, than anything else." Farmer-like, he took up a grain and ried to rub off the husk, between his thumb and forefinger. It would not rub off, and taking out his knife, he pealed the

rain. Then the wl Then the white, pearly seed re "Why, boys, this must be rice," he ex-timed. "Who'd 'a though o' that chalky bird-shot growing this way? If I'd ever thought about it at all before, I'd 've suposed it growed like seeds in a cucumbe in sin do they get the busk off? right to correct its deviation, but If they have to peal it off with a knife they defect was to make the rebel put they'd starve to death while getting ready mb to his nose, and take a derisive for dinner. We can't boil it whole. A bran-mash may do for a sick horse, but 'd tear our gizzards out, and leave us looking like a frame-building with weather-boarding off."

Meanwhile the resourceful Si dropped behind the cover. This made the rebel think he had killed him. He dropped his gun, flopped his arms like a thing to eat. He found nothing, for it was a mere cabin for the shelter of the slaves during the rice season, and con-tained nothing, even of the ordinary suplies and comforts of the negro quarters. But Sandy spied a big block, hollowed out the freedom of exposure, the guffaws, and in the center, like a mortar, and near it a much-used pestle. Around it was the ccumulation of years of chaff, some rotted into black earth, the rest in different stages, to the fresh layer of the past sea son. He studied the chaff, the possible uses of such an instrument as the block-mortar, the worn end of the pestle, and went to the sacks, filled his cap full of the ough rice, poured it into the mortar, and egan beating it with the pestle. thers gathered around and curiously. After a minute of hard pound ing he stopped, fanned the chaff aside with his cap, and, sure enough, there were a quantity of the naked white grains cover ing the bottom of the mortar.
"You've called the turn, Sandy," said

"Now, you pot-bellied, clay-chawing traitors," yelled Shorty, "we're after your scalps, and are going to have 'em. Saltpeter won't save you, you splay-footed, knock-kneed, mud-gorging mongrels. We're after South Carolinians. They're the Seesh offal that we're going to the trait of the trait of the sees of the training method in the sees of the training method. They're the sees of the training method in the sees of the training method in the sees of the training method. Secesh offal that we're going to fatten the alligators on. If you want to save your worthless lives dig out there, for we'll souls out of o' them. They'd think the

we'uns. He must be a bodashiously bad the pestie, the others found a big iron man. Can't yo' kill him? If yo' can't kettle, in which the rice had been cooked, mebbe we'uns better had go. He's awful filled it with water and built a fire under it. They spread their blankets on the ground, and threw the rice, as fast as it

that big ditch that, an' we'uns kin whoop 'em back, spite o' themselves."

Si secured a good place behind the roots of an Osage orange, about six inches in diameter, and which had outgrown the them, grambled Si, as he wiped the sting-bank, so that its roots formed a gnarled ing beards off his swenty neck, "if I had revetment. The other boys found simi-lar shelters. to get 'em by such work as this. It's a thousand times worse than thrashing buckwheat, and these tormented lunkheads

cooking rice, Si restrained them to double-handful for each man.

"If we only had a little meat," re-marked Si, "we'd have a nice stew. Look Each one managed to find a greasy remnant of his rations, which he tossed

to the kettle. "I'll git yo' some meat, boys," remarked Uncle Ephraim, carefully selecting a limb of Osage orange, which he trimmed to a long, light club.

They watched him with interest, as he

bow to stand guard and do the facings.
But it's your rice, you can husk it as you hair t' a dog's back."

But it's your rice, you can husk it as you hair t' a dog's back."

"But the Colonel's very hungry."

"Well, he'll had t' be hungry. Hit's no

it over to you, and here it is."

"Confound the rough, rasping stuff," stuff for a gentleman t' eat. Better be hongry dan eat dat low-down nigger-anything about how to handle it. Here, anything about how to handle it. Here, anything about how to handle it. Here, anything about how to handle it. "Come, now, Aunt Minerva Ann, be Let them find out how to handle it as best they can. The Government didn't commission me for a thresher, miller or general manufacturer—only to receive and shingle, and then threw the rice into the issue what is given me. If the men want kettle. Mindful of his first experience in to eat that stuff whole, it's none of my isiness. Let the Surgeons look out for the consequences."

There was a commotion in the regiment after the rice was distributed, and anxious inquiries from all sides as to what was to be done to reduce it to an estable condi-

After enjoying their superiority of knowledge for awhile, and jihing the others about their lamentable ignorance of a common article of food. Si and the rest came down, and explained to Co. Q of Osage orange, which he trimmed to a long, light club.

They watched him with interest, as he nade his way back through the rice-field.



'HE CLEARED THE WIDE DITCH IN FRONT AND GAINED THE COVER

At every few steps a rabbit would start butts of the guns. But Si had up, at which Uncle Ephraim would strike at, invariably missing, much to the boy's maple, and was horrified by finding the amusement, for he would make no chase. At every few steps a rabbit would start butts Instead, he would move to the right or a few moments of awe-struck silence, but left a few steps, and wait, with his club Si examined the improvised mortar again, circle, would come hopping to near where and nothing poisonous. it started from, and then fall under Uncle

Ephraim's unerring blow.
"Dar's a hare apiece for each ob us," he said, coming back with his hands full, and
"You can just chaw a little blotting sitting down to skin them. "White man paper afterward and you'll be all right," mouty good fer many tings, but he jest Shorty added. haint no sense at all bout hunting hares.

Co. A, Co. Q's rival in all things, was Cleveland is casting bread upon the water

Nigger'll kill more hares in a day dan still more unfortunate. They cut down a that will return 40-fold. a white man in a year. Way to do is to young pine tree to make the trough, but let dem do de runnin', an' jest wait for

Some onions growing wild on the banks were discovered, and collards which had escaped gathering.

"I declare," Si remarked, satisfiedly, as he carefully stirred the mass to keep from any danger of burning, "we're going to have one of our regular old-time feasts. If this eats as good as it looks and smells I'll take back all I've ever said against rice, and the ration wagons can go hang. We needn't be so plaguey particular about when we get to our ships. We can

live on this a long while." It did ent quite as good as they expected, and they ate of the hot, fragrant, luscious mass until, as Shorty expressed it, "there aint a wrinkle left on me, either inside or outside, and I feel just nice and smooth.

They gathered up the rest of the cleaned rice to carry back to Col. McGillicuddy and Capt. Everett, loaded the remaining sacks into the wagon, piled on top sufficient straw to last their horses unti the next day, and returned to the regi-They were astonished to find themselves

received with cheers. The brigade had only quarter-rations that day, and theirs was the first forage wagon which had come into camp for days. It looked so ful and comfort-bringing as to arouse the livliest hopes. They drove to the Colonel's tent, reported, and handed him a portion of the

cleaned rice. He ordered the sacks turned over to the Commissary for issue to the companies. Shorty took a liberal portion of the cleaned rice up to his late antagonist, Chief Wagonmaster Shuck Dilworth, who received it with great gratification

the immediate restoration lations between him and Shorty. lations between him and Shorty. Commissary, as Shorty brought the wagon up, while Si went to report to the Captain. "We need something badly, and apparently you've managed to get a good oad. What's this?" he continued.

ing one of the sacks and taking out a handful. "Why, that's rice," answered Shorty, with a pained look at the officer's incom-prehensible ignorance. "Real Georgia rice—first class, I tell you. We've just filled up on it ourselves, and it's mighty good eating.'

echoed the officer, turning over some of the grains in his hand. "Does "Certainly. How did you expect it to grow?" answered Shorty in his most superior manner. "On trees, like hickory

"Of course not—of course not," swered the officer, trying to recover him-self. 'Rice is a grain, I believe, and must therefore grow like grain. But it's very white, and this must be some other kind." "No," answered Shorty, implacably, "this is perfectly white, when you peel it -beautiful white as you ever saw."
"Just so, just so," said the Commissary,

hopelessly trying to understand the con-struction of the grains, and avoid appearng to know less than an enlisted But how do you peel it?" "Different folks have different ways," said Shorty, loftly. "Some who are very particular, and not in a hurry, take a case-knife; some folks use a common husking peg, and others just run 'em through a

corn-sheller." "Stuff! nonsense!" said the Commissary, who was a cock-sure fellow, and disposed to be airy with the enlisted men. "Don't talk that way to me, Corporal. I know

Presently the rabbit, making a and decided that it was sure-enough maple

"It'll be nothin worse than sucking you

after laborious pounding, found that they had been pounding the rice and chaff into a stiff paste with the turpentine and rosin exuding from the green wood, and so had

lost their rations entirely. The other companies took a choice of evils, and borrowed Co. Q's trough, preferring to be poisoned rather than starved

The Colonel came wandering down, overlooking with interest the labors of the men in getting supper, and noting the success of the devices for hulling the rice. reached Si he remarked: "That was a very brilliant operation of yours, today, Sergeant, and the regiment is indebted to you for a most welcome sup

ly of food. We certainly needed it, and I am sure the boys will work out some way to make the rice palatable. It is all right, as food, and as there is plenty of it down in this country, we can manage to live on it for a while, if we should miss connection with our ships. Plenty of ra-tions have been sent to meet us, but they may not be where we come out, and ou riends, the enemy, may interpose obsta-We must cles to our coming out at all. be prepared for emergencies, and we must rely on the rice plantations to belo us out I have been talking to the General to have you sent over to the right, toward the sea, to try to make our way to the coast, to listen for the signal guns of our ships, and endeavor to get into communi-cation with them. I think it will be done. But that's further along. Just now I have some internal troubles of my own. That cleaned rice you brought me is beautiful and I thank you again for it. Aunt Minerva Ann is a treasure, and the best cook believe in the division, if not the Corps. But she has her peculiarities. One them is that she does not know anything about rice, and resents being taught. She has a prejudice against it because she has neard it was the food of the 'low country niggers,' whom she despises as being about on the level with the beasts of th and to have anything to do with it would reduce her to their level. I'm as hungry as the rest of you, but she is in the sulks, and will absolutely not touch the rice." "Confound her cranky stubbornness, said Si, but then reflecting how much he said Si, but then relecting how much he owed to Aunt Minerva's courage and firmness he added, "I think I can bring her around, Colonel. I'm her oldest friend in the regiment. I'll go up and see her."

"I wish you would," said the Colonel, "for I'm getting hungrier every minute, and there's absolutely activity to the said there's absolutely activity. and there's absolutely nothing but that

Si found Aunt Minerva Ann seated in hickory rocking chair, taken from som house, and one of the most valued of the possessions of the time when she could call herself and anything else her very own. It went along in the headquarters wagon, no matter what else was left. Soat ed in it, as she had often seen her mistress at home, she felt that she was really an independent woman, and the queen of all around her. Her black brow was cor rugated with unshakable determination and with one leg thrown over the other, she rocked back and forth and crooned "Dar's a home in Hebben, what a joy-

ful thought, As de pore man toils in his weary lot." sure sign that there was a lot of sullen thunder in her atmosphere. Around her were the fire burning under the kettles full of water, and the scorned rice, spread out on a piece of shelter-tent. "Why, Aunty, what's the matter? Why

ain't you cooking supper?" Si exclaimed, cheerfully. "Not sick, are you?" "No, not a mite sick," answered she. "No, not a linte sick," answered sne, "Jes' mad, dat's all. Dey 'spects me, de chief cook lady ob de rijlmint, t' go t' work an' cook up a lot ob hog-feed. Dat's a insult, so hit is. Nobody eats rice but

month, and all I'm expected to know is ber git hit out agin in de world. Pve

"I is reasonable, I done tell you. I'se reasonabler dan dem what wants me t' make up a mess of slop fer de head-man ob de rijiment. He's too nice t' eat dat truck, an' you knows hit. I'd be ashamed truck, an' you knows hit. I'd be ashamed t' set hit afore him, an' he'd 'spise me fer

"But I tell you the Colonel's very

"Well, let him send some ob you men off t' git something fit for him t' eat. You orter git suthin' better'n dat truck. Nice

lot ob soljers you is' t' git nuffin' better'n dat." "But Aunty, I tell you there's nothing else to be had in the country, just now, and we must eat that or starve. We've just eaten a lot of it, and it goes very well, I tell you. But I just met poor little

well, I tell you. But I just met poor little. Pete, who didn't get to go with us, and he's so hungry that he could hardly keep the tears back. I never saw Pete so hungry in all my life. You know a boy gets much hungrier than a man. He needs food or his growth 'll be stunted."

"What dat? What dat?" exclaimed the egress, aroused to sudden interest. Leetle Pete so hongry dat he cryin'? If he don't git sumfin t' eat hit'll stunt his growth? I habn't seed dat brat dis whole day, an' t'ought he off agin wid yo'uns, tryin' by turns t' break his neck an' git his belly-full, as usual. Yo' say dat rice's rayly good t' eat, an' yo' likes hit? Fotch him up hyah, an' he shall hab all he kin stuff." She sprang from her chair, and began fanning the dust and chaff out of the rice "Colonel," said Si, hunting up the offi-cer in the camp, "I've brought Aunt Minerva Ann around. I guess she's got supper about ready for you."

(To be continued.)

THE CLEVELAND FUND. The report of the National Encampment Finance Committee at Cleveland, June 30, showed that the subscriptions to the entertainment fund amounted to \$81,000. John D. Rockefeller had subscribed \$5,000; Senator Hanna, Gen. Barnett, and seven others subscribed \$1,000 each; and the Pennsylvania and other railroads en-

tering the city, \$2,500 each. This is a very good showing for Cleveland, and gives earnest of a fine display at the National Encampment.

While such contributions as those of Messrs. Rockefeller, Hanna, Barnett, and thers, are generous gifts, from which the lonors will receive little return, if any, the same is not true of the remainder. which must be regarded as very profitable investments.

The National Encampment will take to Cleveland, and pay out to its citizens anywhere from \$2,500,000 to \$5,000,000. It has done this to every city where the National Encampment has been held, and the universal testimony is that there is no other such a money-bringing gathering as the Encampment of the G. A. R. It is the annual outing of the veterans, they take their wives along, and make purchases in the big city of things for themselves and homes that they have been saving for for a long time. The subscriptions of the railroads, particularly, are beggarly, in proportion to the returns which they will reap. Think of what the Pennsylvania Railroad will get from its contribution of \$2,500. It will probably get that much back from the visitors from

one city alone-say Pittsburg. While being properly appreciative and grateful of what Cleveland is doing to nake the city attractive during the week of the National Encampment, let it not be forgotten that the veterans will take some millions of dollars there to pay good prices for substantial goods, and that

COMPTROLLER DAWES.

Last week Mr. Chas. G. Dawes, Comptroller of the Currency, tendered his esignation to the President to take effect Oct. 1, in order that he might be able to enter with more freedom into the candilacy for the Senatorship from Illinois. This manly step has been generally commended by the press of the country, although there is much regret at the public service losing such a valuable official. The veterans have a very strong interest in Mr. Dawes, since he is the son of the late Gen. R. R. Dawes, who rendered such signal service during the rebellion as commander of the 6th Wis of the famous Iron Brigade, and one of the 300 Fighting Regiments. Gen. Dawes raised a company for the 6th Wis., and became its Captain July 16, 1861, was promoted to Major, and finally to Colonel. He commanded the regiment on that eventful first day at Gettysburg, when it won laurels by its magnificent fighting and the part it took in capturing a rebel brigade.

From the time of Mr. Dawes's entrance into the office of Comptroller he became noted as an official of unusual breadth of comprehension and executive ability. He was at once confronted with the great and complicated failure of the Chestnut Street National Bank, of Philadelphia, and the very able manner in which he handled an inusually trying situation won for him a high reputation. He found his office cumbered with the fag ends of the crisis of 1893, and devoted himself to straightening matters out, and securing for the depositors of the broken banks the utmost that could be saved from the wrecks. He reformed and readjusted the costly receiverships, consolidating many under one receiver, and taking otherwise steps to make sure that the utmost in all cases should be realized from the assets. During his four years he has had collected and pald over \$25,000,000, which is believed to be an unprecedentedly large percentage from this species of resources. During his administration he has created 785 new banks. His annual reports to Congress have been regarded not only in this country but in Europe as markedly able discusions of banking and monetary ques

tions. He aspires to succeed Senator Mason. whose term will expire March 3, 1903, and is already receiving satisfactory assur-

In spite of all the boasts of superiority. the German banking system seems inferior to our own, and that country is now suffering from a number of discreditable and disastrous failures.

ances from all over Illinois.

FATHER-IN-LAW ZIMMERMAN has been able to scale down one of the proudest of the ducal houses of England to 50 cents on the dollar. This is a fair reduction for badly shop-worn goods, for the English nobility is badly run-down everywhere except in fashionable novels, but the time is not far off when all these European titles can be had at junk-shop prices. The late Vicbetter than that."

"Probably you do," said Shorty, with an injured air. "The Government pays you \$200 a month for knowing all about commissary matters. It only pays me \$16 a wouldn't dirty my kittles wid hit. Neb- everywhere as in Italy. tor Emanuel used to say that there were